
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1820.

MRS. MARY BRUNTON.

THE lady, whose portrait and memoir we this month present to our fair readers, was, indeed, a rare and highly-gifted character; literary talents were, in her, united to a singular simplicity and openness of heart, and a humility and purity of spirit worthy of the great Master whose servant she was.

Mrs. Brunton was descended from the Balfours, of Orkney, one of the most respectable houses in Scotland, by her father's side; and by her mother, she was nearly allied to the Earl of Ligonier. Genius was, in some degree, hereditary in her; for her father, Colonel Thomas Balfour, of Elwick, was a man of considerable talents and acquirements, and her mother possessed a great share of lively wit, as well as natural acuteness. Our heroine was their only daughter; she was born in the Island of Burra, in Orkney, on the 1st of November, 1778. During her early years, she did not display any striking superiority of talent; but she profited so well by the instructions of her mother, who was herself very accomplished, as to become a very good musician, and to acquire the French and Italian languages. Her education was afterwards completed, partly at a school in Edinburgh, and partly under the care of two of her aunts, sisters to Colonel Balfour.

The youthful Mary's education could scarcely be said to be finished, when she became her father's housekeeper, for she was then only sixteen; and so wholly was her time occupied

in domestic duties, that she could devote very little of it to her favourite pursuits, one of which was reading; at that early age, she was fond of poetry and romance. This predilection, so natural to young minds, had not an injurious effect upon her's; it might, perhaps, have heightened the natural acuteness of her feelings; but there is no doubt that it was useful in forming for her that pure and elegant style of composition for which she was afterwards so much distinguished.

When Miss Balfour attained her twentieth year, an opportunity presented itself of mixing in the gay scenes of high life, which few young persons, new to the joys of the world, could have resisted. She received an invitation from her aunt, Viscountess Wentworth, who was also her Godmother, to reside with her in London. Mary's heart had already made its election; she preferred obscurity and happiness with the object of her choice, to the heartless pleasures of dissipation, and in her twentieth year, she gave her hand to Mr. Alexander Brunton, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland.

The new-married couple settled at Bolton, near Haddington. It appears, that their tastes and pursuits were much in unison; both were fond of the pleasures of domestic life, and each knew how to contribute their share to the enjoyments of the other. Under the direction of her husband, Mrs. Brunton's taste for reading received a more methodical direction; she devoted some hours of every morning to study; and in the evening, he read aloud to her works of criticism and *belles lettres*. Literary pursuits, however, were not suffered to interfere with her other avocations; she made a regular and judicious arrangement of her time, to which, as far as it was possible, she steadily adhered.

Six years were thus tranquilly, happily, and usefully employed; at the end of that time, Mr. and Mrs. Brunton removed to Edinburgh. Till that period, Mrs. Brunton had mixed but little in the world, and in her small circle of acquaintance there were few literary characters; but it was otherwise when she removed to Edinburgh; she associated there with people of talent, and she soon found herself able to converse on a footing of equality with those whose high intellectual superiority to the mass of mankind she had admired at a distance. The powers of her mind became gradually developed, and her sound judgment, lively wit, and

originality of thought, rendered her the admiration of her own circle, before she became known to the world as an author.

When she began her first work, the novel of *Self-Controul*, it was merely for her own amusement, and not with any design that it should meet the public eye; but as her volume increased in bulk, she began to think of giving it to the world. She had written nearly half a volume, before she shewed it even to her husband; and perhaps his praise, upon which she set a high value, stimulated her as much as any thing else to finish it.

It is unnecessary here to comment upon the popularity which this work has deservedly enjoyed; it was sent into the world, indeed, anonymously; but its author was soon discovered. She never affected literary distinction; but she could not be insensible to the pleasure of knowing that her work was regarded, by the wise and the good, as likely to be of essential service to the cause of morality and religion.

Self-Controul was published in 1810; and soon afterwards, she took a journey to London. She was there seized with an aguish ailment, which materially affected her health and spirits; and more than two years elapsed before she began her second novel, *Discipline*. This work was more slowly written than *Self-Controul*, for writing appeared to her then a task, though, when she first began it, it was an amusement; it was finished, however, in the year 1814; and its success was equal to that of *Self-Controul*.

After the publication of this work, she resolved to write a set of short stories, under the title of *Domestic Tales*. She projected one which she meant to call "*The Runaway*," but some circumstances occurring to prevent her from beginning it immediately, she commenced the story of *Emmeline*. While she was writing this tale, an event took place which seemed likely to increase the felicity of this truly-deserving woman; after being more than nineteen years married, she found herself in a way to become a mother. It is singular, that she felt, from the first, a conviction that she was not destined to survive her confinement; although there were some grounds for this idea, her husband did every thing in his power to efface it from her mind, but in vain; and the event justified her anticipations.

The thought of her approaching dissolution had no effect upon the sweetness or equanimity of her temper. She tranquilly completed every preparation for the awful event; selected her

habiliments for the grave; and labelled some remembrances which she wished to be given to her most intimate friends; but she did this with serenity, and even cheerfulness; and she avoided, as much as possible, speaking of her forebodings to her friends, because she knew how deeply the subject pained them.

Her *accouchement* took place on the 7th of December, 1818, when she was delivered of a still-born son; at first, she appeared to recover rapidly; but she was shortly afterwards attacked with fever; and, on the 19th of the same month, she closed a life which had been a blessing to her family and friends, and an honour to those Christian principles which her example, as well as her writings, tended so powerfully to inculcate.

It is not our intention to enter into a detailed criticism upon her works; their merits and defects have been already often and ably commented upon; but we cannot help observing, that the heroine of her novel, *Discipline*, has always appeared to us one of the most natural and interesting of the whole class of novel heroines: her singleness of heart, her generous, though haughty spirit, and her warm affections, were pourtrayed with a masterly hand. The narrative too is connected and probable; and the sketch which she gives of Highland manners, is as true to nature as it is amusing and spirited.

But her works had a far nobler aim, and they deserve a much higher praise than can ever be ascribed to those volumes which merely interest and amuse. The great truths of religion and morality, are inculcated with more force and effect than in any works of a similar description which have ever fallen into our hands. She shews us, that to be good, is to be happy; and she does it in a manner which appeals at once to our feelings and our reason. Nor is it, perhaps, the least merit of her writings, that they are never tinged by sectarian prejudice; all may read, and all may benefit by them; but no one will find himself shocked by any illiberal taunt, any sarcastic allusion to his own particular tenets.

Beside the novels of *Self-Controul* and *Discipline*, published in her life-time, Mrs. Brunton left in an unfinished state *Emmeline*, a tale, which, with some shorter pieces, consisting of letters, extracts from her journal, and some short prayers, have been recently published.

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. VIII.

THE English were formerly considered as the most sincere nation in Europe; whatever faults foreigners might find with us, they at least always gave us the credit of being a veracious people; but in this respect, as in many others, we have woefully degenerated; and falsehood is now become so far the order of the day, that, in all the civilities of social life, we seem to have lost sight of truth so completely, that it is only by a long habit of observation we are able to guess at the sentiments of our acquaintance; for as to ascertaining them by their language, the thing is impossible. We have still, however, preserved so much of our original love of truth, that our countenances often give the lie to our words; and for this reason, when a man tells me he is happy to see me, I scrutinize his looks narrowly, to try if I can find out whether he really means what he says, or whether he wishes me at the D—.

Our Gallic neighbours have, in this respect, a singular advantage over us; how they manage, I can't tell, but it is certain, that they teach their faces to lie most admirably; a practice which must be of great use to them when they want to refuse a favour; as the loan of money, for instance. I would lay any wager, that, in at least nineteen instances out of twenty, if you ask an Englishman for pecuniary assistance, you may know by his countenance and manner, whether he tells you the truth, when he says, he is sorry he can't assist you; but a Frenchman will take you so cordially by the hand, enter so readily into the reasons why he is without money; and put on so sincere an air, when he assures you he is actually miserable, because it is out of his power to let you have the sum you want, that nobody, but a practised borrower, could detect him.

In justice to the French, however, I must confess, that, in one respect, we carry our love of falsehood farther than they

do. We are not content with lying ourselves, and training our children up in the same course, but we actually contrive that the very inscriptions over our shops should be as much at variance with truth as the compliments we pass to one another. Our barbers are now metamorphosed into—decorators of the human head; our turners are—artists; our haberdashers keep—temples of taste; and our tailors inform those who may honour them with their commands, that they shall be fitted with—mathematical exactness.

I have often been struck with the folly of this practice, but never so forcibly as the other day, when I was walking through a village near London, where, about five years ago, I used to visit a sick friend. I found that time had made no alteration for the better in the appearance of the houses; on the contrary, the outsides of them were much less neat than formerly; but a very striking change had taken place in their respective designations. A little shop, with a few sixpenny pamphlets in the window, where, "Books lent to read, at a penny a volume," was formerly blazoned, in large characters, over the door, is now a *Repertorium* of literature. An old woman, who exposes a few apples and pears for sale in her parlour window, is become "A dealer in foreign fruit." A half shop which belongs to a pork-butcher, is pompously styled "A warehouse;" and a milkwoman, who occupies the other half it, keeps "A repository of genuine cream, curds, and whey." A little day-school, the mistress of which, by-the bye, can hardly read, is "A finishing seminary for young ladies. The butcher writes up "Purveyor of meat;" and the barber, in humble imitation of his brethren in town, styles himself "An ornamental hair merchant."

The only shop in which I could not perceive any change, was the pawnbroker's. I observed he still stuck steadily to his old inscription, "Money lent," and his three golden balls. I was so much pleased with his adherence to truth, that I could have found in my heart to reward him for it, by putting him in the way of making his house as stylish as those of his neighbours; and I think he might have done it, without any violation of his veracity, by pulling down his balls, erasing his inscription, and writing up in its stead, "The Temple of Necessity," which might be illustrated aptly enough, by a sign-board representing a female figure clothed in rags.

C. CANDID.

ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;

IN WHICH

EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE

IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*(Continued from page 308, Vol. X.)*

IN the reign of this merry monarch, who, it must be owned, was no great friend to decency, the modes partook of the character of the court; and the dress of the ladies was as licentious as their manners. The gown had always the air of being put on with the utmost negligence; the arms were either stripped to the shoulders, or else the sleeve was slashed in such a manner as to discover the beautifully white and fine Holland of which the chemise was composed. The neck and bosom were displayed in a manner the most disgustingly indelicate; and the shortness of the petticoat in front made an equally indecent exhibition of the leg.

As the aim of the court, and all persons connected with it, was to appear as opposite as possible to the puritans, so the materials, as well as the mode of dress, were directly the reverse of those adopted by them. The richest silks, the most costly velvets, satins, gold and silver tissues, were used for dresses. The trimmings consisted of the finest French lace, gold and silver bands, embroidery, and gauzes of the richest fabric.

I have no occasion to describe the style of hair-dressing used in the second Charles's days, because from the number of portraits which we have of the beauties of that period, it must be familiar to all my fair readers. The hair dressed in this luxuriant manner, was adorned with strings of pearl, riband, or flowers. In the winter, a coloured silk hood was frequently added.

The out-door costume of Charles's reign was any thing but elegant; a black silk hood and mask, a large silk mantle, lined with fur, and an enormous sable, or ermine muff and tippet, was the winter dress. In the summer, a silk scarf, a

veil thrown over the hair, and frequently a mask. Both in the summer and winter garb, the grand object appeared to be an air of unstudied negligence, but this was carried to such an excess, as to disgust every sensible and delicate mind.

The licentious taste of Charles's day, shed its influence over the reign of his successor James; it is true, the dresses were less negligently put on, but the fashions did not materially change till the decorous Mary ascended, with her husband, William of Orange, the throne which her father was compelled to abdicate. She restored to us once more the French fashions, which puritanism on the one hand, and licentiousness on the other, had so long banished from our Island; but she restored them in a chastened and becoming style, divested, in a great degree, of their grotesque appearance. Our hoops were considerably smaller than those of our Gallic neighbours; our head-dresses also were of a more moderate size, and, instead of a small tucker, so contrived as to reveal more than it hid, which was then the mode of France, our ladies wore a handkerchief cut out in such a manner as to fit the shape of the neck. The body of the dress, no longer loose, or negligently thrown on, fitted the shape with critical exactness. The sleeves were worn very short; they were looped up in the middle with ornaments of either pearl or diamond. Bracelets, drop ear-rings, and necklaces of gems, were also universally adopted.

Something of the Dutch taste, however, mingled in the fashions of Mary's day; for a lady then was considered well or ill dressed in proportion to the number and weight of her petticoats; a moderate belle contented herself, in summer, with three or four thick, quilted, Marseilles ones; but in winter, the number was more considerable, and they were well stuffed with wool: they were composed of thick silk, or satin, and lined with a silk of a lighter description; they were quilted in a very curious style; birds, beasts, flowers, fruits, and the Lord knows what besides. It is no small proof of the good housewifery of these days, that ladies of condition frequently employed themselves in quilting their own petticoats.

The style of hair-dressing during this reign, was extremely becoming; indeed, more generally so than any which we have yet noticed. The front hair flowed in the most re-

dundant ringlets over the forehead; the hind hair was either turned up, or else cropped, and curled in the back of the neck. Ornaments for the head were always of precious stones, fashioned into a variety of forms; sprigs, tiaras, coronets, and various others. One of these was placed in the centre of the forehead, while strings of pearl, &c. were twisted round the head.

I perceive at this moment that I have committed a capital error, which I must hasten to rectify; I see that, with the exception of Charles the Second's time, I have omitted all account of the out-door costume for some reigns back. We must therefore return to the days of the lovely Anna Bullen, at which time an ample mantle, composed of velvet, or cloth of gold, enveloped the fair form of beauty; and a high-crowned hat, decorated with waving plumes of feathers, formed a head-dress at once appropriate and becoming. This continued to be the fashion till the beginning of Mary's reign; she still retained the mantle; but the thick, black, Spanish veil, of which we have already spoken, was substituted for the hat. Elizabeth introduced mantles, composed of rich furs, for the winter, which were worn with caps of the same material. After her decease, furs were less generally adopted; they were sometimes used during the reigns of James the First and Charles the First, for linings to silk or velvet mantles. The hat most in favour appears to have been of the Spanish shape; it was always profusely adorned with waving plumes of feathers.

My fair readers will readily believe, that the rich mantle and tasteful hat were among the first *vanities* which the puritans discarded. Long cloaks, composed either of plain cloth or silk, were worn in their time, with small plain bonnets. The costume of the second Charles, I have already noticed. In Mary's time, the mask was partially laid aside; but the hood and mantle continued in fashion.

The reign of Anne would of itself furnish materials for a large volume; it was in her days that fashion first assumed that versatile form which has since distinguished it: not that I mean to say, new dresses appeared every month; no; *dashers* then changed the mode once in two or three years, and their doing so excited the astonishment of their contemporaries, who, having been accustomed to make a gala suit a kind

of heir-loom, regarded these quick changes with no great satisfaction.

In one respect, however, during the whole of that time, we find that the taste of the ladies did not vary. I mean in the decided preference which they evinced for substantial materials in their dresses; rich, but heavy brocade, velvet, superbly embroidered in gold, silks, of a similar form to what we call levantine, formed the dress not only of the court, but of all who could afford those expensive materials.

In the first year of her Majesty, the ladies wore no hoops; the farthingale and the buckram stay went out of fashion together; and we imported from the court of France the *commode* and the *negligé*, which one of the numerous favourites of *Louis le Grand* had just then introduced.

My fair readers, however, must not suppose that the *commode*, or, as it was sometimes called, the *Fontange*, which was the name of its beautiful inventor, bore any resemblance to the absurd head-dresses of the fourteenth century; no; it was really an elegant and becoming *coiffeure*, composed of feathers, gauze, and ribands, and resembling a helmet in shape: but it was then as it is in our own time, we were not content to copy the fashions of our neighbours, we must improve upon them; and our *commodes* soon towered to a height so preposterous and unbecoming, that it furnished a fruitful source of ridicule to the wits of the time.

Many of my readers, no doubt, have seen the *negligé* in the wardrobes of their grandmamas; for it long maintained its ground; and even now, though never seen but upon the stage, it must be allowed to be a most graceful dress. The back was entirely loose, from which circumstance, the dress derived its name. The fronts reached to the natural length of the waist; they were made plain, and cut high, and the sleeves just covered the elbow, and were adorned with rich ruffles, composed either of fine lace, or work; the skirt was sewed on in large plaits, and came no farther than the hip on each side.

These dresses were always worn with a silk petticoat, sometimes of the same colour, but more frequently of a different one. An apron of the finest muslin, cambric, or lawn, finished the dress; the apron was trimmed in a very costly way, either with lace, or very rich work. Such was

the full-dress of a *belle* of 1703; and although the superiority of our present costume cannot be denied; yet I believe all my unprejudiced readers will agree with me, that the *negligé*, and its appurtenances, were far more becoming and decent, than the long stays and scanty petticoats, which were so fashionable in 1803, as well as for some years afterwards.

Methinks I hear more than one pretty mouth opened with the question, "Did ladies wear no trimmings at that time?" Yes, my fair querists; and trimmings very nearly approaching in form to your own; for certainly the furbelow, composed of gauze, or silk, and pinked, like a shroud, bore no small resemblance to the *chevaux-de-frise* of the present day; fringe was also very fashionable; and embroidery, particularly in the early part of Anne's reign, was much used.

For dishabille, we find that lawn, or cambric caps, wrappers of India Chintz, and plain muslin aprons, were generally adopted; this kind of dress was called a *mob*; and women of fashion wore it whenever they went *incog.* to the playhouse, where it was then no uncommon thing to see them mob it to the two-shilling gallery, no lady of character ever going to the pit. They also wore it for shopping, or for paying morning visits without ceremony.

(To be continued.)

A SINGULAR REMARK.

A CERTAIN worthy inhabitant of one of the Western Isles, being on a visit to a friend at Liverpool, was anxious to convince him that he was not quite so great an ignoramus as he might naturally be supposed to be from his long seclusion from the world. Among the sights of that famous port, his acquaintance took him to see the Exchange, which it is well-known is a singularly beautiful building. Struck with admiration, he gazed upon it with the eye of a connoisseur, then, suddenly turning to his companion, "How wonderful," said he, with a complacent, but significant air, "how wonderful are the works of Nature!"

ON THE
ILLIBERALITY OF ATTACHING CENSURE
TO A
STATE OF CELIBACY;
AND THE
BENEVOLENCE WHICH MAY BE DISPLAYED IN THAT STATION
WITH A MODERATE FORTUNE.

THOUGH I have never felt the slightest inclination to infringe upon that impressive commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's possessions," yet, I confess, in perusing a popular work, entitled, "The Spinster's Journal," I found myself deviating from my general rule; and fairly acknowledge, that Miss Singleton's method of dispensing happiness' (through the means of unexpected affluence) excited an ardent desire to be placed in a similar situation.

The society of the young, since I have ceased to enjoy the privilege of youth myself, has seldom failed affording me real satisfaction; as, from their cheerfulness, I have seemed to borrow an inspiring kind of emanation; and whenever I have failed to derive this pleasurable sensation from it, it has proceeded from perceiving that period, which ought to display ingenuousness, shaded by reserve, and deformed by affectation.

For what reason disgrace and ridicule should be attached to a state of celibacy, I confess, I have never been able to account; it certainly cannot be called a crime; on the contrary, it may actually be considered as a misfortune; for to live in the world, after having ceased to excite an interest in the breast of any of its inhabitants, must, to a mind of sensibility, be deplorable! yet that such is the general fate of the isolated female who possesses no natural, or acquired protector, who has neither husband nor child to proclaim her respectability, few can attempt to dispute. Is the respectability, or usefulness of the female character then to depend upon adventitious circumstances? Was she destined by nature only to shine with borrowed effulgence? and is man, proud man! alone capable of giving her importance?

The great Former of the human heart implanted sympathetic seeds in it, which were to be called into existence by helplessness of every description; the majestic oak lends its supporting aid to the tendril which entwines round it; and shall man disdain to succour the helplessness of that sex from whom he derives his existence? That he does disdain it, multitudinous proofs might be brought forward; and, not satisfied with refusing succour, attaches to singleness opprobrium; as if a woman was to be censured for not entering into the most sacred of all human engagements, because the man who offered her his hand, had not been able to inspire her with affection. The female thus situated, instead of inspiring contemptuous feelings, is, in my opinion, intitled to the highest commendation; and how infinitely more praiseworthy is such a mode of conduct, than when interest alone forms the bonds of association! I have always been inclined to view marriages of this description as a sort of legal prostitution, and even consider many of the unhappy beings who infest the streets of the metropolis more respectable; I mean where innocence has been duped by the arts of villany, and then left to suffer all the horrors of seduction.

But I find myself veering from the point of celibacy; a point to which I have been attracted by the narrative of Sibella Singleton; a work which I would recommend every unmarried female to peruse with the greatest attention. To a mind of activity, a refined gratification must be attached to every species of usefulness; and I will venture to assert, that the usefulness of an unmarried woman may be more extensive than that of the married one; as neither maternal cares, nor conjugal compliances, can ever interfere with her benevolent pursuits. There is, it must be allowed, a solitary discomfort even attached to affluence, in taking those refreshments, which nature and custom authorize, totally alone; while at the same time, we cannot always live in company, nor convert our mansions into a tavern. The method which Miss Singleton adopted, however, would obviate this difficulty; and the refined gratification a susceptible mind must experience from affording an eligible asylum to an amiable young woman, reduced from affluence to distress, must be of that exquisite description which language can but faintly express. The friends and connexions of the lady alluded to, objecting to the plan suggested, were tenacious of pointing

out various instances of ingratitude in the protected towards their patronesses; but Miss S. wisely observed, that she ascribed those instances to the ladies in question not having been sufficiently circumspect before they selected; and, instead of chusing a young lady well born and well educated, had each placed her affection upon a mere boarding-school miss, whose humble origin was concealed by vanity and affectation, and who, instead of being respectful towards her parents, evidently treated them with contempt.

Neither gratitude nor gratification could be expected from such associates; yet even a companion of this description must be preferable to wasting the social affections upon parrots, dogs, or cats; a propensity, or rather a failing, which, I allow, is too prevalent amongst the spinster class. To the honour of those individuals, however, I am acquainted with several whose hearts sympathize, and whose purses are open to every kind of distress; and though not blest with means so ample as Miss Singleton, delight in every species of usefulness; and with an income which does not amount to three hundred a-year, actually contrive to become the Lady Bountiful of the village.

The curate of the parish in which one of these exemplary women has long resided, had the misfortune to lose his wife in giving birth to her first offspring; and, contrary to the generality of husbands, deplored her loss with such an excess of sensibility, that, in less than a twelvemonth, the hapless babe became an orphan! That great Being, however, who in wisdom had thought proper to deprive the helpless innocent of its natural protectors, raised it up a friend ready to perform all the maternal duties; and the little Emma was removed from the vicarage to the hospitable abode of the amiable Mrs. M—; as fifty annual suns had shone over the head of that exemplary woman, when that melancholy event occurred, she had thought proper to drop her youthful appellation, and the title of mistress was affixed to her cards.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PURLOINED VEIL;

OR,

THE SWANS.

(Continued from page 314, Vol. X.)

THE good hermit pitied the innocence and fright of the youth, and offered him an asylum under his peaceable and respected roof. The young soldier hesitated not in accepting the offer, and followed the hermit; but his terrified imagination represented to him the entrance of the grotto as that of an oven; the arched rock, the chapel, the inward cell, even the azure dome of the heavens, presented to him the same idea, and made him shudder. The old man spoke to him with mildness, and in a most friendly tone, so as to encourage, and make him easy in his mind. He gave him some warm water to wash the soot from his face and body; some excellent bread, and fruit from his garden; with some generous wine, he refreshed his parched tongue and palate; and finally prepared for him a comfortable bed of fresh moss.

Friedbert, such was the name of the soldier, slept as soundly as he had done in the oven; but instead of the clamours of the village Amazons, he was awakened by the pious Bruno inviting him to prayers, and to partake of his breakfast. Whilst eating with a good appetite, he endeavoured to express his gratitude towards the kind hermit; his words failed him; but the happy and satisfied looks which succeeded the affrighted countenance of the preceding day, were sufficiently expressive.

After three days of happiness and repose, Friedbert thought it was time for him to depart. However, he felt no more inclination to leave that agreeable and safe retreat, than the seaman to return to the raging main from which he has recently escaped, where, from a secure bay, he still hears the boisterous winds, and the warings of the threatening waves.

Bruno, on his side, discovered in the young Swabian so much simplicity and honesty, so much candour and com-

plaisance, that he conceived the project of detaining him for the remainder of his life, in case he could prevail on him to stop. In consequence of their mutual desire, they soon came to terms. Friedbert suffered himself to be shorn; changed his ragged uniform for a good hermit's cassock; and continued in the cell with Bruno in the capacity of a lay brother, to assist his benefactor in the cultivation of his garden, in cooking their victuals, and in attending the pilgrims who visited the hermitage.

At the time of the solstice, when spring makes room for summer, Bruno never failed sending his faithful servant to reconnoitre in the neighbourhood of the pond, directing him to observe whether he discovered any swans, and likewise to pay particular attention to their number, and to watch in what direction they took their flight. He listened attentively to his report: the visit of the swans always proved agreeable, and revived him; but when none appeared at the usual time, he shook his head, lifted up his eyes to heaven, cast them down again towards the earth, seemed absorbed in melancholy thought, and for some days was sad, and in an ill humour. This change, in the opinion of the Swabian, meant nothing extraordinary; he thought that the arrival or absence of the swans presaged no more than a plentiful, or a bad harvest.

One evening that Friedbert was on the watch near the pond, he discovered some few swans hovering above his head, and went as usual to inform father Bruno of the circumstance. The old man manifested extreme joy; ordered a good supper to be got ready; and drew from his cellar a few bottles of his best wine. They drank many bumpers to the happy arrival of the swans; and the vivifying liquor soon spread its influence over the two holy hermits. Bruno, forgetful of his years, and of the gravity of his situation, became cheerful, loquacious, and animated; spoke of the juice of the grape, of the joys and pleasures of love; and even began humming an amorous song. He next filled another bumper; and his adopted son, true German-like, did the same.

"My son," said Bruno to him, "I am going to ask thee a question; but mind that when thou answerest me, neither of us is to be deceived. Observe the utterings of thy tongue; let it not be the organ of untruth; for if thou wert to speak a single lie, Friedbert, that tongue of thine would turn as

black as the soot from the chimney of the oven—as the tongue of the very devil. Tell me then candidly, and in truth, have love and the sweet desires, the constant attendants of love, ever engaged thy thoughts, or has that passion hitherto lain dormant within thy breast? Have thy lips ever saluted the mellifluous cup of chaste love, or hast thou rather drunk out of that of voluptuousness? Dost thou perchance nourish with the oil of hope the flame of a mysterious sentiment, or has it been extinguished by the breath of inconstancy? or rather retainest thou sparks of it covered over by the ashes of jealousy? Art thou not the object of the sighs of some youthful maid, who having betrothed to thee her faith, either bewails thy supposed death, or pines away in the expectation of thy return? Lay thy heart open before me; I then will unbosom myself to thee; and perhaps I may reveal to thee secrets to which thou wilt listen with pleasure.”

“Reverend father,” replied the innocent Swabian, with great ingenuousness, “with respect to my heart, it is still unacquainted with love; it is as free as the bird that flies in the air. I was but a lad when I was compelled to bear a spear under the banners of the Emperor Albert. A light down then began to overspread my chin; and the lasses took no notice of me; besides, I am so bashful a poor fellow, that if I accidentally happened to find one handsomer than the rest, I could not even summon courage enough to look at her full in the face. Neither has ever any maiden made advances to me, or encouraged me to make love to her; I therefore surmise not that any female has ever shed tears on my account, unless it be my mother and my sisters, who indeed did weep when I left them to join the army.”

The old man heard the above account with great satisfaction, and resumed his speech as follows—“Thou hast been a faithful servant to me for three years, and I owe thee a recompense. I would wish thee to be indebted for it to love; and that, in that respect, thy destiny may be more fortunate than mine has been. Let me inform thee that it is love, and not devotion, which, from remote countries, hath brought me to this cell; listen to my adventures, and at the same time to the history of this pond, of this very pond whose waters reflect in the present moment the mild brightness of the moon.”

“I am a native of Switzerland, a descendant from the

Counts of Kyrbourg. From an early period of my life, I was a valiant and gallant knight, equally fond of pleasure and of amorous connexions. As I had killed a priest, who had seduced a young girl that was partial to me, I was forced to go to Rome, to receive absolution from the Pope. His holiness granted it to me; but exacted that I should serve during three crusades against the Saracens; and on condition, that, if I perished in the course of my campaigns, the whole of my property should belong to our holy mother, the church. The absolute commands of the Vicar of God were to be obeyed. I embarked on board a Venetian galley, but we were assailed by a violent tempest in the Ionian sea, the winds then blowing most furiously from the coast of Africa. The swelling waves tossed our small vessel up to the skies; and after having long been the sport of the enraged elements, it was driven as far as the Egean sea, near the island of Naxos; there she struck against a rock, and was shivered to atoms. Although I had never learned to swim, I escaped with my life; but by what means, is more than I can tell. My guardian angel must have supported me above the waters, since I reached the shore in safety. The inhabitants received with me with great humanity, and restored me to animation by enabling me to disgorge the briny water that I had swallowed. From thence I repaired to Naxos; and visited the court of Prince Zeno, a descendant of Marcus Zanata, to whom the Emperor Henry, of Swabia, had ceded the Cyclades: here again I was welcomed under the title of an Italian knight. Here also I saw the beautiful Zoé, his royal consort. Appelles would have needed no other model to pourtray the goddess of love. Her first appearance kindled in my bosom a fire that consumed every other thought, every other desire. I forgot all the European beauties; I forgot my crusade, the holy land, and his holiness, the Pope, to think only of the means of acquainting the beautiful Zoé with my ardent passion. I distinguished myself at the tournaments; and carried all the prizes, which, to confess the truth, cost me no great pains, as the effeminate Grecians were far from being my equals in strength and skill. I endeavoured, by all those attentions which generally succeed with the sex, to attract the notice of the captivating princess. By means of intelligences, which I had procured in the interior of the palace, I was always informed

before-hand of the dress she was to appear in at court upon those occasions, and her colours were constantly those which I chose for my sash, and for the riband that bound my helmet. She liked singing, music, and dancing. She herself danced as well as the celebrated Herodias. When on an evening she would come on the terrace of her garden, or to take an airing on the sea-shore, I always took care to regale her unexpectedly with a serenade, or with dances and ballets, executed by companies of performers, whom I sent for from Morea. I continually employed all the milliners and dress-makers in Constantinople, in order that the beloved of my heart should always receive first the new-fashioned articles, or whatever might enhance the lustre of her beauty, or please her fancy. Notwithstanding the whole was directed to her by an anonymous hand, I took care that she should guess at the author of those gallantries. If thou hadst the least experience in love affairs, my son, thou wouldst know that those trifling attentions, which, perhaps, appear to thee indifferent and immaterial, are hieroglyphics among lovers. The ignorant consider them as nonsensical; but they have a meaning, and as positive a signification as the letters and words in our ordinary language. The language of love is symbolical; two individuals, who understand it, may converse in the presence of a third, without the latter perceiving it; lovers comprehend every word of it, and need no other master than their hearts. Those secret emissaries, whom I sent into the interior of the palace, clearly spoke in my behalf; and I soon observed, with raptures, that the fine eyes of my princess sometimes sought after me from amidst a crowd of courtiers, and expressed a tender acknowledgement. I grew bolder in consequence of this discovery. One of her attendants befriended me; and promised to serve us in our amours. Explanations took place, and several appointments were given, but always without effect; for some trifling occurrence or other would always intervene to derange our plans. Sometimes Zoé had not had it in her power to come and join me; sometimes the spot which she had assigned had been made inaccessible; in short the demon of jealousy watched the beauteous princess with such uninterrupted assiduity, that I could never see her, but in the presence of the whole court. My hopes and desires broke against a brazen wall; but the same as an hungry lion becomes furious for want

of food, the same did every obstacle render my passion more violent; I experienced a kind of inward rage; a devouring fire consumed me to the very marrow of my bones; the colour faded from my cheeks; my limbs grew feeble; my steps uncertain; and my knees would tremble like slender rushes agitated by the wind. Although reduced to this sad condition, I had not a faithful friend in whose bosom I might deposit my sorrows, and who at least, by pouring over my wounds the salutary balm of hope, might have kept up my sinking spirits.

"I lingered in this cruel state of malady, and had already given up all manner of hope; with gloomy satisfaction I could see my dissolution approaching, when I received a visit from Theophrastes, a physician, whom the prince had sent to me. I stretched out my arm to him, thinking that he wished to feel my pulse; but he only shook it with a smile, regardless of the irritation of my nerves. 'Think not, most noble knight,' said he to me, 'that I am come near you to prescribe draughts, medicines, or the juice of herbs, as another physician would do, and most frequently at random. Your health flew away on the wings of love, and can only return by the same conveyance.'

"I was very much surprised at Dr. Theophrastes being so well acquainted with my secret: I knew him to be very clever, but I was ignorant of his being able to read within the human heart, as easily as if he had held it under his anatomical knife. I therefore concealed nothing from him of what he already knew; but added, in a dismal tone, 'How can love restore me to health, after having so treacherously caught me in his snare? the knot with which he has fastened it, cannot be loosened. The only resource I have left, is to strangle myself in the wretched net, from which I cannot make my escape.'

(To be continued.)

LOUIS XI. KING OF FRANCE,

SAID, If a prince wishes to lift up his hands pure and spotless to Heaven, he should be contented with his own domain, and with the old taxes. He should ever be afraid to raise new imposts, unless in cases of the extremest necessity, and for the good of the state.

THE DUPE OF SENSIBILITY;

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 323, Vol. X.)

THE spring was far advanced: the weather had, for some time, been extremely mild, and the fields and meadows again gave promise of returning bloom. When the morning broke, she strolled into a retired part of the wood, which had often been her resort in more happy days; she seated herself, overcome with fatigue, upon the bank of a deep stream, which rolled beneath in many a winding maze. The unruffled bosom of the waters recalled to her mind the serenity of her own breast, when he, whose loss she now more keenly mourned than ever, was her constant and early companion in this favourite spot. The remembrance brought tears into her eyes; and, in broken accents, she gave utterance to the anguish of her mind. "The primrose," she exclaimed, "again blooms on this bank; again the buds, expanding to the view, cheer every heart, save mine alone; deluding hope, which here has cheered me oft, no more inspires my heart; no promised joy, nor distant bliss, illumines my dull hour! Oh! oft by the windings of this lonely stream, has Frederic breathed the responsive note of love and fond expectation! my mind exulted in the loveliest prospects; but now I seek the solitary gloom, to woo pale melancholy unseen, unpitied, whilst thou, my Frederic, art, perhaps, the delight of another! Ah! does the smile, which played upon thy cheek, still animate thy countenance? Does Mary ever come across thy thoughts, and cheer thee in thy sadness? or has the breath of calumny destroyed each tender emotion, and whispered in thy ear the adulterous act? Oh! to violate an oath taken at the altar of my God!—perjury accurst! Oh! silent stream, efface the remembrance! hide me, Oh! hide me from myself!" As if her brain had been seared by the fire of heaven, she rushed towards the brink—paused for an instant on the fatal margin. "'Tis but a moment," she said; "the circling eddies of the waters will scarcely have subsided ere this agitated bo-

som shall have ceased to torment me.—Pardon me, heaven," she added, in a hurried voice ; then impiously rushed into the presence of her Maker.

When Frederic, the name of Mary's first lover, suspected the sincerity of her attachment, and enlisted for a soldier, not many days had transpired before he began to regret the rashness of his conduct. Those who have ever loved may well imagine the perturbation of a mind, deprived by folly and indiscretion, of seeing and conversing with the object of its affection. He painted Mary in every situation which could possibly aggravate his misery. He beheld her, "in his mind's eye," exposed to the wiles and addresses of the artful and unprincipled, hanging o'er the couch of her beloved parents, surrounded with poverty, disease, and famine. The thought was doubly painful when he reflected, that the only means he possessed of again beholding her was the desertion of a flag he had but lately sworn to defend. This, however, was no method, he concluded, of gaining the ascendancy over the mind of the woman whom he doubted had ever loved him, even when he was unsullied by crime, or dishonour. This latter reflection would frequently arouse a feeling of indignation at the step he considered she had forced him to take ; and pride triumphing over every other feeling, he resolved never to make her acquainted with the extent of his misery. However, two days previous to his embarkation for the continent, he formed the resolution of confiding the secret of his bosom to some one in the village where Mary lived ; and the man he selected for this trust was certainly one, of all others, the most unlikely to answer his purpose. Prejudiced by the opinion of his parents, he had long been accustomed to regard Snarl as a miracle of wisdom and probity ; he accordingly fixed on him in preference to any other. Enclosing two pounds (the remainder of his bounty-money), he entreated him, by letter, to deliver it to the father of Mary, in a way the least offensive to delicacy ; never to divulge from whom it came ; and finally to inform him of the events which might occur during his absence. Nothing could be more acceptable to Snarl than this office. Long before the departure of Frederic, he had entertained the vilest designs on Mary ; but the fear of exposure, and the consequent vengeance of her protector, curbed the desire of carrying the brutal attempt into execution. Now, he thought, without much fear of danger,

he had a good opportunity of trying the issue of his plans. The money he had obtained, with a trifle added to it, he considered the key which would unlock every avenue to the heart of Mary. For as avarice was the reigning passion of his own bosom, he judged it was that of every one also. But here again he was baffled: Mary had received the news of her misfortune some time before; and Wormwood, from motives already explained, had, from the commencement of her subsequent illness, been a liberal and constant contributor to the wants of her, and her family. Stifling his resentment against Wormwood, he assumed the mask of hypocrisy,

“———The only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.”

still retaining the secret hope that an opportunity would yet return of gratifying his wishes.

The bravery and good conduct of Frederic greatly distinguished him; and his promotion was as rapid as it was deserving. It is well known, that sums to a considerable amount may be accumulated by officers on foreign service. He was fortunate; and repeatedly sent remittances to Snarl for Mary and her family; but the former, concluding that the chances of war were much against his ever returning, in consequence appropriated the sums to his own use. The time, however, was now arrived, when Snarl had to use all his address to prevent the exposure of his transcendent villany. By one of those unaccountable occurrences which frequently happen in life, Frederic arrived the very night Mary had eloped from her family. He called at the old cottage, which was still inhabited by her father, and found it deserted. The news of his daughter's disappearance had reached the reverend owner; and, with an old attendant, he had hastened to Wormwood's house, leaving, in his hurry, the door open to the intrusion of any well or ill disposed visitor. Frederic reached the well-known cottage, with feelings more easily to be conceived than described; but no voice nor footstep was heard to welcome his return. He knocked repeatedly; then, in the extreme of anxiety, entered, and vainly sought in every part of the house for one or other of the family. Confounded at the appearance of things, after remaining a considerable time, he left the place overwhelmed with fears and conjectures. The night not being far advanced, he directed

his steps towards the residence of Snarl. There he learnt the situation of Mary; and so artfully did the hypocrite round his tale, that Frederic never once doubted the truth of his statement, nor the sincerity of his friendship. Snarl congratulated him upon his being able to reflect, that his money had not been expended on a worthless object, but was in his possession; and assured him, that nothing but respect for his feelings had induced him to conceal her union with Wormwood. Though Frederic betrayed little outward signs of grief, the latent feelings of his soul were those of the most excruciating anguish. He begged to be accommodated with a bed; and, in the morning, bent his way towards the mansion of Wormwood, with the resolution of upbraiding his unfaithful mistress with the insincerity he had so little deserved; and then, if possible, of erasing from his mind the recollection even of her name. He took the path which led to the river, and was on the opposite bank, when Mary rushed towards the stream. Unconscious who she was, he suspected something wrong was premeditated, and made all the haste he could to regain the other side by a well-known wooden bridge, not far distant. But, alas! he came too late! Her scarf and bonnet lay upon the bank—but Mary had disappeared!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CURIOUS CUSTOM IN YARMOUTH.

ACCORDING to the charter of this borough, the aldermen and common-councilmen are annually to assemble and choose, *before they separate*, the “most discreet alderman to be mayor.” The election of Mr. Cory did not take place until a strong trial of patience and abstinence on both sides: the electors assembled on the *Tuesday* noon, and remained shut up (with only such provisions as they carried in their pockets) until ten o'clock on the Thursday night; when the six whose supplies were first exhausted, found themselves obliged to agree with the other six who were better provided, and to surrender their votes to avoid starvation, and a third night's confinement in the church-hall.

PRETENSIONS;

A TALE, FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded from page 328, Vol. X.)

PAMELA, though sincerely attached to her lover, and far from thinking contemptuously of him for following an occupation in which her own father had acquired both reputation and wealth, could not resist the temptation of ambition; and, instigated by her subtle preceptress, began to consider it not improbable that she might, at some future period, become a woman of quality. M. Dorsigny, who observed with pain the ridiculous pretensions of his daughter, was nevertheless satisfied that a whim so very much out of the way of her general disposition could not last, and rather humoured her folly for a time by good-natured raillery, which he thought the most effectual method of letting her see her own absurdity. Her brothers and sisters, however, regarded her folly in a more serious light, and felt unspeakable mortification when she expressed herself with unjustifiable disdain in speaking of their acquaintance, or plebeian connexions; and Dorsan, who was not the last to discover the unhappy perversion of her mind, suffered in secret, and absented himself for a whole month from the chateau.

At length the birth-day of the respectable Dorsigny arrived; and Dorsan, who was always considered one of the family, could not, without rudeness to an old and esteemed friend, refuse to accept the invitation, which he, as usual, received; but being resolved to appear as an indifferent guest, he brought with him a major in a regiment of cavalry, a gentleman of family, and high military reputation. To the major he confided the secret of his love, and subsequent disappointment; not omitting to inform him, that he fancied the coldness of his mistress's behaviour was occasioned by the influence of a certain countess, who had acquired a surprising ascendancy in the family. The major tried to reanimate his hopes, by assuring him, that all females were subject to fits of caprice; and then begged to know the name of the formidable woman of fashion, who

had so completely turned the head of his simple charmer. "It is the Countess Floreski," replied Dorsan: "I know nothing of her, but that while she seems to fascinate every body else, I alone think her proud and disagreeable." "Well, well," returned the major, "set your mind at rest; I know this countess to be a most amiable and charming creature;—there must be some misunderstanding."

At table, the parties met. The major surveyed the countess with a keen, scrutinizing glance: at first he appeared disappointed; and made no overtures towards her acquaintance; but, upon a second survey, his countenance brightened; and though he did not address her, he evidently watched her every look, and carefully treasured every word that fell from her lips. Dorsan took an opportunity of drawing him aside. "I thought, major, you said, you knew the Countess Floreski." "I did know the Countess *Floreski* intimately," was the major's reply. "How is it then you meet not as old acquaintances? You have not spoken to each other; she does not appear to have any recollection of your person." "Be quiet, my good friend; I shall find some opportunity of recalling her wandering thoughts; I will make her remember her old friend before we part." He smiled significantly; and the party then rising to go into the garden, the major, with much gallantry, offered his arm to escort the countess. She accepted the compliment with much apparent graciousness; but with so little appearance of recognition, that Dorsan began to imagine his friend was either jesting with him, or had been mistaken in his supposed knowledge of the lady. A beautiful alcove had been fitted up by the tasteful hands of Dorsigny's affectionate children, with garlands of flowers; and each, as was customary, presented one as emblematic of their feelings, and the virtues of the object. Dorsigny received them with paternal delight; and, having embraced each of his beloved children, exclaimed, "This is indeed the hour of a parent's triumph! Come, my friends! which of you is best skilled in making up a sentimental bouquet? Several of Dorsigny's friends advanced to undertake the agreeable task, when the major, interposing, said, in a marked tone, "Permit me, M. Dorsigny, to observe, that there is one lady in company eminently qualified for such an elegant task. If the Countess Floreski would condescend, I can answer for her taste and ingenuity." All eyes were now turned on the

pretended countess, whose cheeks were inflamed with confusion and ill-concealed rage, for she was convinced that the major knew her, and, in all probability, intended to expose her. "I?" she at length stammered out; "really, major, you mistake; I have not the talent you would insinuate." "Pardon me, madam," returned the major, with pretended deference; "when I remind you of the time and place where we last met, I am sure you will no longer affect to deny my assertion." "Upon my word, sir, I am at a loss to comprehend you," replied Jeanette haughtily; and, turning away, she would have avoided him; but the major was not to be so easily repulsed; he pursued her closely, and whispered in her ear, "Have you then no recollection of Jeanette, *la bouquetière*, of the Fauxbourg St. Germain?" The pretended countess started as if a serpent had crossed her path; for he had accompanied his words with an action which reminded her of the circumstance already related, when she had been saved from the chastisement due to her insolence, by the interference of a young military officer; and she now entertained no doubt of the major being that person. Confounded, overwhelmed, she knew not what to do; but upon a second hint from the major, she pretended sudden illness, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends, ordered her carriage, and quitted the chateau. As soon as she had retired, the major burst into a hearty laugh; and approaching Dorsigny, "I should entreat your pardon, my good sir, for banishing one who has hitherto been a welcome guest, did I not feel conscious that I have, by so doing, rendered both you and my worthy friend here an important service. The woman who palmed herself on your hospitality for a countess, is a mere adventurer, perhaps worse, and has already been on the point of doing you a material injury, by perverting the mind of your inexperienced and unsuspecting child. This mischief I have been happily enabled to prevent, by my fortunate arrival, and the threats of exposure. I say happily prevented, for, if any doubts of the truth of my assertion remain in your mind, you will find confirmation in this fact, that you will see her no more." The astonishment of the family may be easily guessed; and the pleasures of the day were, in a great measure, destroyed. But, on sending to enquire for the countess on the following day, they learnt, that she had

indeed precipitately quitted that part of the country. Pamela, though humiliated by this unexpected event, soon got the better of her chagrin; and readily obtained the pardon of the generous and attached Dorsan; and the friendly major had soon the happiness of attending his friend to the altar, where he also received the fair hand of Dorsigny's eldest daughter.

ANECDOTE.

As two young men were lately travelling in the mail-coach to M——, they were joined on the road by a singular looking old gentleman, who, quietly seating himself in a corner, seemed in no way inclined to break the silence that they observed towards him. They were greatly amused with his appearance, and conceiving it impossible that he should be acquainted with any language but his own, they began in French to *quiz* him most unmercifully. "Is it a man, or an ass?" said one. "I wonder whether it can speak?" rejoined the other. They were delighted at their own witticisms, and the time passed very pleasantly, to them at least, till they reached M——. About to take his leave, the old gentleman turned to his companions, and said, "It *can* speak, and it can also speak any language you wish; a little French, a little Spanish, a little Dutch, a little German, or a little ——," but seeing their confusion, he mildly, but emphatically added, "Young men, I heartily forgive the insult you have offered me; but let this day's adventure be a caution to you. Remember, good manners, and a respect for old age, are due at all times to every one; and, when next you travel in a public conveyance, ascertain first whether the objects of your ridicule are deserving of your satire, lest in exercising your wit against an unoffending person, you again betray your ignorance, and expose yourself to the contempt you justly merit." The old gentleman was no other than the celebrated linguist, Mr. H——.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 222, Vol. X.)

THE old gentleman listened with deep emotion to his daughter's narrative. "My poor Harriet," cried he, in a tremulous tone, when she had ceased speaking, "you have suffered indeed; but, thanks be to Providence, that it is all over now! Heaven, my children, has once more joined us; never again, I trust, shall we be separated." As he pronounced these last words, he looked at his nephew and Julia alternately; both blushed, and cast down their eyes; but Arthur, raising his, fixed them upon his uncle, with a look which could not be mistaken. Mr. Hargrave answered the eloquent, though silent appeal, by taking the hand of Julia, and putting it into Arthur's. "Take her, my dear boy," cried he, "and my blessing into the bargain. I give her to you with feelings of unmixed joy, because her conduct through the trying situation in which, young as she is, she has been placed, proves that she is worthy to be your wife."

Arthur's delight and gratitude were too great to find vent in words; but his countenance was sufficiently expressive of his feelings; and it was evident from the deep glow which lighted up the soft features of Julia, that she participated in his raptures. It would, indeed, have been difficult to tell which of the four persons was most happy at that moment. The tender mother, in seeing the felicity of her daughter secured, found all her wishes gratified; and her father, in recovering his lost child, and regaining the affections of his nephew, of whom he was very fond, enjoyed a happiness to which he had been for many years a stranger.

When the first glow of pleasure had subsided, and they became capable of conversing on common topics, Mr. Hargrave, putting a parcel of bank-notes into his daughter's hand, told her to prepare, as soon as she could, for her removal to his house in the country. I expected to have accompanied her thither; but, when she departed, she presented me to

the servant of Mrs. Teasewell, who had shewn her some civilities.

My new mistress received me with an excess of pleasure, the cause of which I soon discovered; she wanted to purchase a silk gown, and, till then, she had not money enough to procure one. The moment, therefore, that she received me, I was destined to buy her the desired garment; and that very evening, under pretence of visiting a sick relation, she hastened to get it. The shop-keeper, to whom she gave me, presented me, in a few moments afterwards, in change of a two-pound note, to a lady of quality, who found ten thousand a-year so insufficient to her wants, that she made it a rule to deal with the cheapest tradespeople she could find; and she remained very patiently in my master's shop for more than half an hour, waiting her turn to be served, that she might save sixpence in as many yards of riband.

The mixture of extravagance and parsimony in this woman's character was astonishing; at one moment she would practise the meanest arts, in order to save a shilling; and at the next, she threw away pounds in a manner as senseless as it was profuse. I had abundant proof of this in the single day which I spent in her possession; for, after driving about the whole morning to every obscure place she could think of, to purchase different things which she wanted, at the cheapest possible rate, and quarrelling with her cook, whom she threatened to discharge, for giving a penny more than she had ordered her to give for a pound of rump-steak, she repaired in the evening to an assembly, where she left a considerable sum behind her at the card-table.

This event transferred me to a new possessor; for I formed a part of her losings. The gentleman into whose hands I fell, was a person high in the state, though how he had attained his eminence, nobody could tell. His birth was obscure, and his talents of a very inferior description; but he had a pliability of temper, which recommended him, in the first instance, to those above him; and, when once he got into power, his quickness in forming expedients, his plausible, though fallacious reasoning, and his never sticking at any means to accomplish his object, for he was totally invulnerable to public opinion, carried him triumphantly through difficulties, which many of his predecessors, who possessed ten times his genius, would have sunk under.

At the time I came into his hands, it appeared very probable that recent circumstances, combined with popular discontent, would hurl him from the pinnacle on which he was placed. In casting about for means to prevent this dreadful event, he bethought himself of a gentleman who had for many years been his friend. This gentleman's talents were of the first order; he had beside a natural flow of eloquence, and a manner so irresistibly persuasive, that my master was certain, if he could attach him to his party, he would secure a powerful friend.

Immediately on his return from the card-table to his own house, he summoned to his presence a person whom he kept in pay for the sole purpose of gaining him partizans. "I want you, Spywell," cried he, "to set about a job for me directly. You remember Harry Sydney?" The other replied in the affirmative. "I want to gain him," continued my master; "you must go to him, Spywell; talk him over handsomely; for I remember the fellow used formerly to have some obsolete ideas which were only fit for those heathen rascals, the old Greeks and Romans, about liberty, and all that; you will take care, therefore, not to be too plain with him. Tell him, that the member for the borough of Swallowbribe is just dead; and that, if he chuses to offer himself a candidate for it, I will take care he shall be returned. Dwell a great deal upon my old friendship for him, and my high opinion of him; and contrive to say, as delicately as you can, that I am so desirous he should *be with us*, that besides securing him a seat for Swallowbribe, I will put some snug things in his way into the bargain, if he will only lend us his support at this critical juncture.

The ready minister of corruption, having received his instructions, bowed, and disappeared. My master then sat down to read a pamphlet, which one of his creatures had written in support of his measures. The modest author was not content with eulogizing his lordship in the most fulsome strains of panegyric, but he also undertook to prove, that the nation at large was never so happy, so prosperous, or so contented, as since he had taken a part in the affairs of the state.

Callous as my master's conscience was, this last assertion was too much even for him. "The blockhead!" muttered he, and a slight suffusion actually tinged his cheek, unused as

he was to the blushing mood; "but this is always the way with these fellows; they never know where to stop; and one such oversight as this does more mischief than half a dozen other pamphlets can repair." He threw aside the book with an air of vexation, and retired to bed.

Before noon the next day, the indefatigable Spywell came to report his progress in his mission; but it was evident from his looks, that he had not succeeded. "Well," cried my master, in a disappointed tone, "out with it; no prosing; yes, or no, at once." "Then—no! my lord." "I thought so; but that must be your fault, Spywell. I am sure you managed badly; I suppose you said something which set the fellow on his high horse, and then——"

"Your lordship supposes wrong," interrupted the other, in a sulky tone; "I am certain I followed your instructions to a hair; and my reward was being nearly kicked down stairs."

"Pshaw! pshaw! you must be imposing upon me; why Harry Sydney is the most polished gentleman——"

"Gentle, indeed! I only wish your lordship had a taste of his gentleness; why, the very moment I talked of what your lordship meant to do for him, the fellow reddened up like a turkey-cock; asked me, how I dared presume to take advantage of his change of fortune to insult him; and though I began to protest my innocence in the most humble manner, he desired me to walk down stairs, in a tone which implied clearly enough, that if I did not comply with his request speedily, he would make no ceremony of enforcing it."

"But what did he mean, by his change of fortune?" asked my master.

"Oh! I have found that out since it seems the fellow is ruined; yes, absolutely ruined. It is a long, romantic history. By what I can make out, somebody put in a claim to almost all the property which, your lordship may remember, he inherited from his uncle; and, instead of contesting the matter, as any rational man would have done, he gave up the land as soon as he had satisfied himself that the man's claim was just; though, if he had had common sense, he might, from the glorious uncertainty of the law, have kept possession of it for years to come."

"I see the whole matter now," cried his lordship; "you came upon him at the very moment in which he was smarting under his disappointment; and your clumsy, blundering

manner hurt his pride; but let me alone to manage him; I'll go to him directly."

"It will be of no use; for he has by this time left town; he has got a little place, which I find is all that he has left, at some distance off, and he was just setting out for it when I called upon him."

"Devilish unlucky that! but it can't be helped; I must follow him in a day or two." Spywell muttered, it would be of no use; but my master, without seeming to hear him, passed on to other subjects.

As there is not much amusement to be derived from the details, which two days' residence with Lord —— would enable me to give you of state chicanery, I shall pass on to the third morning, when he put himself to the inconvenience of rising at an unusually early hour, in order to pay a visit to Mr. Sydney.

He reached that gentleman's habitation about the middle of the day. It was a small, brick house; and the furniture of the little parlour into which he was shewn, perfectly corresponded with the outside appearance of the mansion. "The devil must be in the fellow," thought my master, "if he can prefer living in an obscure hovel like this, to the situation which I mean to offer him? but, no; it is impossible he can be such a fool! That fellow, Spywell, is so coarse, so blunt, that I suppose he came to the point at once; and, in the first emotions of mortified pride, Sydney gave him a refusal, which, I dare say, he heartily repents of by this time."

At that moment, Sydney entered: Lord —— hastily advanced to meet him, holding out his hand, with a well-acted cordiality. "My dear sir," cried he, "I came to apologize for the officiousness of a blundering, well-meaning blockhead, who, in his zeal to serve me, has, I fear, unintentionally hurt your feelings."

Sydney had entered the room with an air of haughty coldness; but the frank urbanity of this address dispelled it at once. "Say no more, my lord," cried he; "I am sorry that the gentleman came at a moment when my feelings were so irritated, that I lost my usual command of temper; and I believe, I replied to him with more harshness than I ought to have used."

"Ha!" thought my master, "it is as I suspected; he wishes to capitulate, and I must give him a decent excuse

for doing it. He then entered into a long and elaborate harangue upon public affairs; in the course of which, he hinted, in an artful, but delicate manner, his wish for Mr. Sydney's support; and he took care to dwell upon the splendour to which that gentleman's abilities might lead him, if they were *properly directed*.

Sydney listened very patiently, but his heightened colour, and the indignation which once or twice lightened from his piercing dark eyes, augured very unfavourably to my master's cause. However, when his lordship had concluded, he said it was near his usual dinner hour, and, as he made it a rule never to keep Mrs. Sydney waiting, if his lordship would partake of their family fare, they could resume the subject after dinner.

(*To be continued.*)

MADAME BONAPARTE.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S passion for gambling brought her into many difficulties during her husband's wanderings in the deserts of Africa. She borrowed money as long as she had any credit, which, owing to the disasters near Aboukir, was but a short time. She then pawned all her diamonds, plundered by General Bonaparte in Italy, and presented to her, to the amount of 1,200,000 livres, or £50,000. Money was then scarce in France, and she got only 150,000 livres, or £6,000 upon them. What was her surprise, when her husband usurped the consulate, to receive them back as a present from Talleyrand, who had previously refused her the loan of a louis-d'or. This crafty intriguer had, by his spies, advanced the money, with the intent to keep those diamonds so cheaply possessed, should the General perish, and to shew his disinterested gallantry in restoring them, should the Corsican ever rule France. The conduct of General Moreau towards her was very different.

THE
PUNISHMENT OF DISOBEDIENCE;

A TALE.

Honour thy father and thy mother.

THE sun was setting on a little village at the foot of the Pyrenees, when I left the inn where we intended to remain that night, in order to enjoy a solitary ramble, cheered by the warm air and unclouded sky of that delightful climate. A neat church, surrounded by trees in full verdure, attracted my attention; and, as I approached the pile, the sound of a human voice distinctly murmured on my ear, "Poor Caroline! thy father has no one left to comfort him." The words proceeded from an aged man, whose dress bespoke him above the peasantry of the village, and who sat beneath a spreading sycamore, with his eyes intently fixed on a little hillock which swelled beneath his feet. As I passed him, I observed he gazed on me with particular earnestness. "It is a lovely evening, sir," said I. He slowly advanced; and taking my hand, while he gazed earnestly in my face, he replied, "To those who are at peace within, stranger, it may seem lovely; but nature has lost all her charms to me: 'tis winter here," continued he, laying his hand upon his heart. I was about to make some attempt at continuing the conversation, for he had paused several moments, when he abruptly interrupted me.—"Have you any children, stranger?" said he. "Heaven has not yet granted me that blessing," I replied; "but why do you make this extraordinary enquiry?" He took no notice of my question, but hastily exclaimed, "Call it not a blessing! I once had a child:—she sleeps beneath this sod," he continued, after a short pause. His eye rested on the spot as he uttered this. The grave of his Caroline was decorated with flowers which he had planted; and, as they closed their leaves on the declining sunbeams, they became an apt resemblance, indeed, of her who had faded before them. He quickly raised his eye from the ground, and gazing on me with an expression which confirmed me in the opinion

I had previously formed, that he was a maniac. "Never doubt," said he, "never doubt the interposition of a Providence." Then turning hastily from me, he walked away; nor did I think proper to make any further efforts to detain him. "Thine have been heart-rending sorrows," said I to myself, as his tall figure disappeared among the trees; and I determined to hasten back to my inn, that I might enquire of my host the history of this extraordinary being.—The hand of Providence must have interposed amid the events of this man's life with wonderful manifestation, thought I, to have prompted this strange injunction. My host's information confirmed my supposition, and I now proceed to relate in my own words the tale of woe which he told.—

M. Ferney, having realized an immense fortune in business, retired to a country-house in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, where he possessed every comfort and delight which wealth and climate could bestow. A wife and an amiable daughter formed his social enjoyment, and shared his dearest affection. There was an alloy in the disposition of the merchant, which tarnished the fairness of his character, and laid the foundation of the subsequent chain of misfortunes which disordered the powers of his understanding;—this was pride. He delighted to indulge the idea of seeing his Caroline one day united to a man, whose title and property would insure her the respect and admiration of all. With this bias, the temper of M. Ferney was not suspicious; on the contrary, he did not weaken the fondness of his child, nor watch her acquaintance with that carefulness which parental anxiety generally prompts. It was probably 'owing to this inattention that Henry, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, obtained frequent admission to the society of the artless and interesting Caroline. The chill notions of wealth, or interest, are seldom regarded by persons of their age; and the intimacy of this young pair quickly ripened into a mutual affection, which threatened to be destructive of the peace of their parents. Though Henry's father was highly respectable, and moderately wealthy, yet there were wanting the flattering appendages of title and birth, which M. Ferney sought for in the husband of his child. The disclosure, therefore, of the affair, brought on the unhappy Henry an immediate and total dismissal from the object of his affection. A few weeks passed away, during which period, the lovers succeeded in gaining several stolen

interviews, which ended in a determination to fly from the persecution of an unrelenting parent, and celebrate their union; hoping that, after their marriage, the proud M. Ferney would acknowledge them his children. This design was executed as rashly as it was planned, and the youthful lovers trusted themselves on the stormy waves, intending to land on the coast of Spain. M. Ferney pursued his daughter with all the speed he could exert; traced the fugitives to the sea, and found they had embarked. He was preparing to follow them, when a tremendous storm arose, and alarmed him for the safety of his child; the bay was agitated to an extraordinary degree. All the day, M. Ferney stood on the beach, watching the vessel which contained his Caroline. Repeated signals of distress bespoke their danger; and, to be brief, ere the sun set, the merchant beheld the hapless bark and all on board swallowed up by the waves. The corpse of the unfortunate Caroline was cast upon the shore, and the distracted father, with feelings which defy description, returned with it to his disconsolate home. Grief quickly laid the wretched mother by the side of her daughter; and the mind of M. Ferney, unable to sustain the weight of such accumulated sorrow, shortly after became a prey to mental derangement.

R. P.

A PRECIPITATE POLITICIAN.

A GENTLEMAN happening to pass near the Exchange, soon after the late hoax about the death of Bonapart was brought there, and being exceedingly anxious to have the glorious news communicated to an inn-keeper, a friend of his, out of town, wished to avail himself of an opportunity of sending a message by the driver of a return post-chaise, whom he understood was just going to set out, and would pass his friend's door. However, strange to tell, the fellow refused to carry the message; because, as he said, he had carried the news of Bonaparte's death so often before. "Then you shall carry me," replied the gentleman, jumping into the chaise. In his haste, however, he had quite forgot that the driver told him he had to pass through Hammersmith, instead of Hampstead, to which place the ardent politician wished to proceed: and he was actually hurried through town to Hyde-Park-Corner, before the mistake was discovered, where, happily, his rage and mortification was considerably assuaged by learning that the report which prompted his journey so far, was without foundation.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

MORAL SKETCHES OF PREVAILING OPINIONS AND MANNERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC: WITH REFLECTIONS ON PRAYER. BY HANNAH MORE. *The fourth edition.* Crown 8vo. 9s. Cadell and Davies.

WE have much pleasure in commencing our critical labours with a review of a publication of the indefatigable champion of female manners and moral excellence. The age in which we live has indeed been disgraced by the almost unexampled torrent of infamous and blasphemous works, which have flowed from the pen of the daring and unprincipled sceptic; we have seen infidelity, with unblushing confidence, profaning our streets, despising our laws, and exerting every subtle art to subvert all that is dear and valuable to us, as citizens and Christians; but, at the same time, we have to boast, that it has given birth to publications, which would have done honour to any age, and to any country; that we have seen the good and the wise, endeavouring, by the powers of their pen, and the purity of their examples, to stem the tide of iniquity, and restore this favoured land to that moral as well as physical superiority, which she has hitherto held over every other nation.—In a word, we have to boast, and a proud boast it is to every female heart, that it has been adorned by the names of More and Trimmer. Many there are indeed, who, esteeming any method as methodism, and considering licentiousness as liberality, may, as they have already done, endeavour to detract from their merit; but the virtuous, the enlightened, and the real well-wishers of their country, will ever revere their names, and pay them that tribute of approbation which they have so justly deserved.

It is delightful to dwell on excellence; and it is equally delightful to be allowed to praise that excellence, without incurring the censure of flattery: such is the case with the work before us. The labour of years, and the public approbation of those labours, have placed Mrs. More far beyond our commendation: and when we speak of her with the warm sentiments of admiration, it is with the hope, that, though we cannot increase the splendour of her fame, we may yet promote the object of her views, by recommending this volume to the attentive perusal of all our fair readers. Venerable in years,

but more venerable in wisdom and in virtue, age has not damped the energies of her mind, nor weakened the powers of her pen; the same deep thought, acute observation, and nervous language, which distinguish her former writings, mark her present work; and we only regret that our limits will not admit of such extracts as would evince the truth of our remarks; but we hope the following will be acceptable.

The work is principally addressed to the middle ranks of life, with the intent to point out the evils which are the natural consequences of their mania for continental emigration, French manners, and French customs; a mania indeed, which cannot be too much regretted.

"Home," as Mrs. More justly remarks, "is at once the scene of repose and of activity. A country gentleman of rank and fortune is the sun of a little system, the movements of which his influence controuls. It is at home that he feels his real importance, his usefulness, and his dignity. Each diminishes in proportion to the distance he wanders from his proper orbit. The old English gentry kept up the reverence, and secured the attachment, of their dependants, by living among them. Personal affection was maintained by the presence of the benefactor. Subordination had a visible head; whereas, obedience to a master they do not see, savours too much of allegiance to a foreign power."

Who can deny the truth of these remarks? But desirous of exculpating herself from the charge of prejudice, which she conceives may be brought against her, she, in the following masterly style, defends herself:—

"Anxious, perhaps to a fault, for the welfare, the honour, the prosperity, the character, of this queen of islands, she (the author) believes that there are to be found worse prejudices than those national attachments which in her are irreclaimable.

"It is not, however, to be conceded, that the term *prejudice*, so frequently applied to these attachments, is, by this application, legitimately used. If prejudice, in its true definition, signifies prepossession, judgment formed before-hand, fondness adopted previously to knowledge, notions cherished without inquiry, opinions taken up and acted upon without examination,—if these be its real significations, and what lexicographer will deny that they are? then how can this term be applied to the more enlightened Britons? How can it be applied to men, who, independently of the natural fondness for the soil, and all the objects that endear it; who, in addition to this instinc-

tive attachment, feel, acknowledge, and enjoy, in their native country, all the substantial blessings which make life worth living for; a constitution, the best that mortal man has yet devised; a religion, above the powers of man indeed to conceive, but reformed and carried to perfection by his agency, taught by the wisdom of God, led by the guidance of his word, and the direction of his spirit; a system of civil and religious liberty, which, while certain miscreants at home are labouring to destroy, under the pretence of improving, some foreign countries are imitating, and all are envying; institutions, which promise to convey the chief of these blessings to the remotest lands;—if all these assertions are true, let it again be asked, whether, if an intimate knowledge, and a long enjoyment of these blessings, should have produced a filial fondness for such a country, that attachment can be denominated *prejudice*; a word which, let it be repeated, was only meant to express blind zeal, neglected examination, and contented ignorance.”

Among so much to approve and recommend, it is extremely difficult to make a selection: but we particularly refer our fair readers to her remarks on Madame de Stäel's Critique on the manners of the English ladies, to the chapters entitled “The Exertions of Pious Ladies,”—“Unprofitable Reading,”—and “The Lord's Prayer, our Model;”—and as the following extract may be generally useful, we shall close our remarks with it.

“There is another grievance connected with this mania for whatever is foreign,—a grievance, not the less serious because it is overlooked, and because it affects only a subordinate class in society:—we allude to the injury sustained by our domestic manufactures from the abundant importation of French articles of dress and decorations. We forbear to enter on the subject in all its painful extent; we forbear to advert to the looms that are standing still, to the gloominess of our trading streets, to the warehouses that are left solitary, to the shops that are nearly deserted; and shall confine our humble remonstrance to pleading more particularly the distress of those unfortunate females, who used to procure a decent support by their own industry, and of whom thousands are now plunging into misery;—we would fervently, but respectfully, advocate the cause of this meritorious and most pitiable class.—If British patriotism be not a plea sufficiently powerful to restrain a temptation, which can only be indulged by the violation of laws which, perhaps, the husbands and fathers of the fair offenders have established, we would appeal to the sensibilities of a well-

regulated heart, to the tenderness of an enlightened conscience, and to the dictates of justice and charity, whether it be pardonable to yield to every slight temptation, or, to speak more tenderly, to indulge a capricious taste.

"When tempted to make the alluring purchase by superior beauty, real or imaginary, of the article, might we not presume to recommend to every lady to put some such question as the following to herself:—'By this gratification, illicitly obtained, I not only offend against human laws, but against humanity itself; by this purchase I am perhaps starving some unfortunate young creature of my own sex, who gained her daily bread by weaving her lace or braiding her straw; I am driving her to that extremity of want, which may make her yield to the next temptation to vice, which may drive her to the first sinful means that may offer of procuring a scanty, precarious, and miserable support. It is in vain that I may have perhaps subscribed for her being taught better principles at school, that I may have perhaps assisted in paying for her acquisition of her little trade, if by crushing that trade, I now drive her to despair,—if I throw her on a temptation which may overcome these better principles she acquired through my means. Shall I not then make this paltry, this no sacrifice? Shall I not obtain a victory over this petty allurements, whose consequences, when I first gave way to it, I did not perceive?"

"The distress here described, is not a picture drawn by the imagination, a trick of sentimentalism, to exhibit feeling and to excite it; it is a plain and simple representation of the state of multitudes of young women, who, having been bred to no other means of gaining a support, will probably, if these fail, throw themselves into the very jaws of destruction. Think then, with tenderness, on these thousands of young persons of your own sex, whom a little self-denial on your part might restore to comfort—might snatch from ruin. Many ladies, who make these unlawful purchases, do not want feeling, they only want consideration.—Consider, then, we once more beseech you; consider, that it is not merely their bread, but their virtue, of which you are unintentionally depriving them; and you will find, that your error is by no means so inconsiderable as it may hitherto have appeared to you."

This work was first published in July, 1819, and our readers will perceive that it has already reached a fourth edition; a proof of the estimation in which its author is held by the public.

AN ADDRESS TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON, *with an Opinion of some of his Writings*, by F. H. B. *Sonnets and Odes, Elegies, Ballads, and Sketches*. By WILLIAM LINLEY, Esq. late in the Civil Service of the East India Company, and the late MR. CHARLES LEFTLEY, Parliamentary Reporter of the Times Newspaper. Both educated at St. Paul's School. Foolscap, 7s. Wetton and Jarvis, Paternoster-row.

WE have perused this volume with much pleasure. The "Address to Lord Byron," is a poem of very considerable merit; and is so animated in its language, just in its sentiments, and so much in unison with our own, and, we think, with all our fair readers' feelings, that we fearlessly recommend it to their notice. There are very few, who have not regretted the unfortunate bias of his lordship's mind, but few could have expressed their regret much more forcibly than the lady before us; for we understand she is a lady, and a young one too; and we hail her performance, therefore, with double pleasure, as the promise of future merit, and shall be happy in again meeting her in a poem more calculated to prove the powers of her mind.

Mr. Leftley was a young man of considerable talents; but, like many others, ungenial circumstances blighted his prospects, and a premature death destroyed all the expectations his friends had formed of him. Commiseration would therefore disarm criticism, even if it were deserved; but that is not the case: the poems before us possess evident marks of a rich, though wild genius, which, properly cultivated and restrained, would probably have led to that fame he was so desirous of obtaining. Notwithstanding, however, the warm eulogiums of the editor of the poems, and the superiority his modesty ascribes to the compositions of his friend, we beg leave to differ in opinion from him, and candidly declare, we prefer his own chaste and correct taste to the irregularity of the latter; he may possess less genius, but he is more intelligible; and, to the generality of our readers, will be more pleasing. The extract which we have subjoined in our "Apollonian Wreath," from a poem called "Homeward bound," though it does not display much originality of idea, certainly evinces much sweetness and harmony of numbers. "The descriptive Sketches in India" possess considerable merit.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR DECEMBER, 1819.

WHATEVER may be thought of the conduct of ministers, the praise of consistency, in one particular at least, cannot be denied to them; they have never for a moment relaxed in the system of coercion, upon which they first set out; they have now carried it nearly as far as it will go; for, by the bills recently passed, they have wrested from the people some of their dearest rights. It was formerly our boast, that an Englishman's house was his castle; but since the passing of the Search for Arms Bill, this once-hallowed sanctuary is liable at any hour of the day or night to be violated by ruffian force; and that too upon pretexts, which may be equally false and frivolous. Suppose a man's enemy (and who is there without enemies?) lays an information against him, his house may be searched; the arms he keeps for the protection of his family, torn from him; and he himself compelled to appear before a magistrate, to account for having them in his possession! Nor is this all; where is the husband, or the father, who can think with calmness of his wife or daughter's apartment being visited and ransacked, perhaps at midnight, by a band of constables. We know that such things have been done in Ireland; we know too, to what horrors they have given rise in that devoted country; but, till now, we flattered ourselves that so glaring an infringement of the rights of the people would never in England have been sanctioned by *law*. The Seditious Meetings' Bill will effectually prevent the people from assembling to exercise their right of petition; but will the grievances, which they are thus prevented from expressing their sense of, rankle less deeply in their hearts; common-sense and experience both teach us, that government has ten times more to dread from discontent not loud, but deep, than from an open expression of the feelings of the people; because the latter spends itself in words; whereas the former broods over and magnifies its wrongs. As to the Libel Bill, it has been already proved, that the laws now in existence are amply sufficient, if properly enforced, to put down blasphemy and sedition; the first is of a nature which cannot be misunderstood; but a libel in the case of sedition, is a thing, of all others, which it is

the most difficult to define; party spirit would call that a libel in one case, which in another it would defend as just, and even necessary; yet for an offence of so vague a nature, our mild and merciful legislators deem *banishment* a *proper punishment*; and even this is a favour, for the original clause was transportation. Surely even the most violent of our alarmists cannot say that the danger to the country now is as great as it was in the years 1715 and 1745. They will not, we think, presume to affirm, that the Radicals (alas! they want bread!) possess the same means of overturning the constitution, as the wealthy and powerful adherents to the House of Stuart, who in those years were straining every nerve to place a monarch of their own chusing upon the throne. Yet when our fathers were menaced from abroad, nay, when treason even lurked at their very hearths, they did not seek to repel the danger by laws subversive of our liberties;—no; they thought and felt, as Englishmen should always think and feel, that no exigence can justify an infringement of the rights of the people.

November 29th, The proceedings of the inquest held on the body of John Lees, at Oldham, were quashed, and pronounced void.

In the beginning of December, a considerable number of the opposition peers entered a spirited protest against the Search for Arms Bill, and the Libel Bill.

December 4th, The customs of the week ending this day, were less by seventy-thousand pounds than the receipts of the corresponding week of last year.

In the early part of December, not less than three millions were transferred from the English to the French funds. Two noble lords, high in the confidence of government, are said to have transferred stock to a considerable amount. Surely the adherents of government ought to be among the last who would adopt such a measure. The alarm created by this transfer of property was, for a few days, very general; but it has now, we are happy to say, quite subsided.

December 8th, A very numerous and respectable meeting of the householders of Westminster, was held in Covent-Garden. Lord Althorp, Lord Nugent, Sir Francis Burdett, and several other gentlemen of rank, attended it. Resolutions were passed, protesting against the coercive bills then in progress through the Houses of Parliament, praying for an enquiry into the Manchester business, and for a reform in Parliament. It was

also moved, that the independent members of both houses cease their attendance. This last resolution was negatived, but the rest were carried unanimously, and the people quietly dispersed.

We regret to state, that the general distress of the interior of the country is much greater than it has ever been known at any former period. At Birmingham, the number of paupers are not less than 17,000; and it is calculated, that every sixth person is a pauper. Coventry, Litchfield, Dudley, and Wolverhampton, are nearly as badly off; and in York, Lancaster, and Chester, the distress is quite as great. Misery, like this, is the natural parent of disaffection; consequently, we are daily alarmed by accounts of the increase of the Radicals; there is no doubt, however, that these accounts are much exaggerated; but they have had the effect of greatly injuring our commercial interests; for, through them, the country is now regarded, on the continent, as being in little better than a state of actual rebellion.

A most respectable deputation of printers and booksellers have had a conference with Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, on the subject of transportation forming part of the penal clauses in the new libel act. It is not a little singular, that Lord Liverpool signified to these gentlemen, in the most positive terms, his intention to retain this clause; and, on the evening following, Lord Castlereagh gave it up in the House of Commons.

Mr. Hobhouse was arrested on the evening of the 14th December, for a libel on the Commons House of Parliament. He was taken into custody by the Deputy Sergeant at Arms, and committed to Newgate. The libel in question is contained in a pamphlet entitled, "A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine's recent Preface."

December 18th. We learn, with much satisfaction, that business is now tolerably brisk at Liverpool, principally owing to the arrival of several timber ships from America.

There have been several rumours afloat of a dreadful plot which was to have broken out at Manchester. They turn out to be perfectly unfounded; but we understand, that ten persons were seized at night at Bury, on the 15th December, and conveyed to Lancaster-Castle, on charge of seditious practices.

Notice was given, on the 17th December, in the House of

Commons, of an adjournment from the 1st of January to the 8th or 10th of February.

We learn from France, that the affairs of that country are in a very prosperous condition; the prudent and conciliatory measures pursued by the king seem to have the happiest effect upon the minds of the people. A partial change has taken place in the ministry; Dessolles, Gouvion, St. Cyr, and Louis, are dismissed, and replaced by Pasquier, Latour, Maubourg, the Ambassador to this Court, and Roy.

The gazette of Carlsruhe states, that the proceedings against Charles Louis Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, have at length terminated; so that his final trial may be daily expected. The public mind in Germany is still as deeply as ever interested in the result of his trial.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MR. KEAN appeared on the 8th of December, in *Macbeth*; his performance, on the whole, disappointed us exceedingly; now and then, however, his extraordinary powers burst upon us with a brilliancy which only served to render the tameness into which he instantly relapsed more disgusting. The piece was altogether very badly cast.

December 9th, *The Siege of Belgrade* furnished a high treat to musical amateurs. The performers all exerted themselves successfully; but Braham may be said to outdo his usual doings. He was in very fine voice; and he did not indulge in his usual failing, a fondness for ornament. We never heard him more loudly and justly applauded.

December 16th, Sheridan's admirable comedy of *The School for Scandal* was performed for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Payne (a sister, we understand, of Miss Matthews) to the public, in the arduous character of *Lady Teazle*. Mrs. Payne is young; she possesses a pleasing person, and appa-

rently a very strong share of animal spirits; but she wants every requisite, vivacity excepted, for Lady Teazle. She has neither the polish of high life, nor the native elegance of manner, which may, in some degree, supply the want of it; and, if we were to judge by her performance, we should say, that she did not know what the word sentiment meant; for her resolutions of repentance and amendment were delivered with the same flippancy of tone, the same unreflecting carelessness of manner, as her *badinage* with Joseph, and her first conversation with Sir Peter. Her satirical remarks had neither point nor emphasis; in short, she rattled through the part without exhibiting either discrimination or intelligence; and nothing but the fearless good humour with which she played it, could have saved her from the decided disapprobation of the audience. Elliston was the Charles Surface; it is a part peculiarly suited to his powers, and he did it ample justice; his generous feeling for Old Stanley was so warmly and happily expressed, and his graceful and polished gaiety threw such a veil over his prodigal excesses, that he rendered the character, always too-attractive in a moral point of view, ten times more so than it is in general. Russel was the Joseph; his performance was certainly effective in one way, for a more complete caricature of a sentimental hypocrite was never exhibited. We were really sorry to see an actor so excellent in his peculiar line, placed in such a ridiculous situation.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE Comedy of Errors has been revived at this Theatre, and very strongly got up; it is, however, the worst play of its divine author, Shakspeare, and we cannot see any good reason why it should be revived. Liston's performance of one of the Dromios was irresistibly comic. He certainly possesses, beyond most actors in his line, the art of giving importance to whatever character he plays, however meagre or trifling it may be in itself. This piece gave us an opportunity of witnessing at the same time the powers of Miss Stephens and Miss Tree; their style of singing is so distinct, and each is in her way so excellent, that they can never suffer by being seen together. Both were loudly and justly applauded.

That excellent actor Macready, has dimmed a little the lustre of his rising reputation by his performance of *Coriolanus*. Nature has absolutely denied him many requisites for the character, and he comes upon us while our recollection of Kemble's unrivalled excellence in it, is so fresh and perfect, that it renders us perhaps too fastidious ; in addressing the plebeians, Macready forgot the tone of cool scorn which the haughty patrician would naturally use to beings whom he regarded as so far below himself ; he should disdain them too much to be angry with them ; Macready, on the contrary, appeared vexed and irritated ; and by so doing, spoiled the effect of the scene. It is, however, but justice to say, that in those passages which admit of a display of natural feeling, he was admirable.

December 14th, *Mary, Queen of Scotland*, a tragedy from the German, was brought out at this theatre. Translation is so unfavourable to the genuine spirit of tragedy, that we will not presume to give an opinion on the work in its original state ; but certainly, in its present form, it will not add to the literary fame of the celebrated Schiller, whose production, we understand, it is. Miss Macauley made her first appearance at this theatre in the character of *Mary Stuart* ; she played it with much judgement and feeling ; her firm, yet feminine dignity harmonise perfectly with our ideas of the lovely, ill-fated *Mary*. Mrs. Bunn's personation of *Elizabeth*, was the happiest effort of her's that we have ever witnessed ; she discriminated, with great correctness, the various shades in the character of the haughty, crafty, and politic *Elizabeth*. C. Kemble's *Sir Edward Mortimer*, was a very powerful performance, as far as regarded a display of the actor's abilities ; if we had not seen him, we could not have believed that the character could be supported in so spirited and effective a manner. Macready's *Earl of Leicester*, is also entitled to warm praise. We were sorry to see the exertions of the performers thrown away, as they evidently were, on a piece totally deficient in all the requisites of a good tragedy.

e
s.
t-
t
s,
y
s
e
d
e.
h

n
o
t
;
y
-
s
h
y
.
t
n
e
-
s
n
e
s
e
s
.



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for Jan. 1820.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Pub. Jan. 1, 1820, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR JANUARY, 1820.

BREAKFAST DRESS.

A HIGH dress, composed of cambric muslin: the skirt is moderately full; it is finished round the bottom with three flounces of the same material, each of which is headed with cord. The body is tight to the shape; the front of the bust is richly ornamented with French work, in the form of a half lozenge, which terminates in a point in the centre of the bosom; this is surmounted by a full fall of lace put on in the pelerine style. The dress is a little open at the throat; the collar is trimmed with lace, and falls back. The sleeves are full; they are confined at the wrist by small cuffs composed of rich work, and finished by a trimming of narrow lace: half-sleeves, of rich French work, very full, and terminating in a point in the middle of the shoulder. Head-dress, a *cornette*, composed of clear muslin, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace: the crown is low; the ears are small, and cut very far back; the shape is extremely simple and becoming; a bunch of winter flowers is placed to one side. Limeric gloves, and black kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE satin round dress; the skirt is gored, and made very full towards the bottom; it is ornamented with a double flounce of blond lace, which is headed by a layer of white satin; this is surmounted by a novel trimming composed of blond and white satin, which forms a rich cluster of leaves; these are placed at regular distances, and between each is a small rosette of the same materials. The body is cut moderately low all round the bust, which is finished by a double fall of blond. The sleeve is short and full; it is of white satin, ornamented round the top front by a double fall of lace disposed in the drapery style, so as to form a novel and elegant *epaulette*. The hair is dressed in loose curls in front, and falls low at the sides of the face; the hind hair is brought up high on the crown of the head; part of it is disposed in full bows, the remainder is broad plaits. A large bunch, or what the French call a garland of

damask roses, mingled with buds of the same flower, is placed to one side. Necklace and ear-rings, rubies. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes. We are indebted for both dresses to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *Corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

In addition to the above dresses, we have been favoured with a sight of some others, which we believe our fair subscribers will find worthy of their attention. We are indebted for the one we are going to describe, to a *Marchande des modes* of acknowledged taste, in Pall-mall; it is a pelisse, composed of striped levantine; and is one of the richest that we have seen, even of that very substantial silk; the colour is *ponceau* (dark red); it is lined with white sarsnet, and wadded; the body is rather long in the waist; the back has a little fulness at the top, and a good deal at the bottom; the fronts are tight to the shape; and the sleeve, which is rather straight, falls very far over the hand. The trimming consists of a piece of satin, to correspond in colour with the pelisse; it is laid on in waves, which are about half-a-quarter in depth, and very full; each wave is formed by a rich silk cord and small tassal; and the trimming is finished at bottom and top by a row of silk tufts; they are small, and are placed within about an inch of each other. The sleeve is ornamented at bottom with a small satin cuff, fancifully interspersed with tufts; the half sleeve is also of satin; it is excessively full, and is ornamented on the shoulder by a row of tufts. The trimming, we should observe, only goes round the bottom of the pelisse; the front fastens on the inside, and the bust is ornamented in the stomacher style, with tufts and binding. We need scarcely mention, that this is a carriage pelisse.

We have seen also, at the same house, a dinner gown, composed of white figured *gros de Naples*. The skirt is gored, and moderately full; at the bottom is a full flounce of blond lace, headed by a puffing of blond net; each puff is formed by a violet silk button; this is surmounted by a roll of satin, composed of two colours, white and violet, twisted together. The body fastens before; it is made half high all round the bust; the back part of which is ornamented with blond lace, which is so disposed, as to form a pelerine and half sleeve: there are two falls; they are put on very broad behind, but are sloped almost to a point at the front of the shoulder. A row of puffed blond, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, goes all

round the bust; and another row ornaments the bottom of the sleeve, which is very short and full; the back part of it is almost concealed by the lace which forms the pelerine. A white satin zone is disposed in folds round the waist, and forms a bow and short ends behind. We have not seen, for a considerable time, so elegant a half-dress as this. The trimming is light and tasteful; and the *toute ensemble* is novel and striking.

We have to acknowledge our obligations to a house in Bond-street, which has submitted to our inspection the ball-dress and millinery, which we are about to describe. The ball-dress is made of white transparent gauze, and is worn over a white satin slip. The bottom of the slip is trimmed with a wreath of laurel leaves, which are formed of bright green *chenille*. The dress is short enough to let this trimming be partially seen; it is finished round the bottom of the skirt by a double fall of gauze, cut in large scallops, which are bound with narrow bright-green riband; a broad green gimp is laid on this trimming in such a way, as to form a heading of the gauze. The *corsage* is full, and is open both before and behind, so as to display the white satin body underneath; a light embroidery in green *chenille* ornaments the bust. The sleeve is exceedingly pretty; it is a mixture of white satin and gauze, disposed in puffs; the middle part of each is formed of satin; the outside of gauze. A white satin cestus, cut in the Grecian style, that is to say, pointed before, confines the fulness of the body. It fastens in front with a brilliant ornament.

The millinery consists of a white satin hat, and a *toque*. The crown of the hat is of a dome shape, and the satin is laid very full on the top of it; the brim is very small; it turns up a little in a soft roll all round; a band of satin, twisted with pearl, encircles the bottom of the crown, and a beautiful plume of down feathers droops a little on the left side.

The *toque* is composed of a new French material, called *granite*; it is a stuff made of *chenille*. The *toque* is small, and low, of an oval shape; the part next to the face is ornamented with a band of the same stuff, plaited with gold twist; and five down feathers are placed upright in front. Both these head-dresses are remarkable for novelty and elegance.

Promenade dress continues the same as last month, except that ladies wrap up rather more round the throat; a shawl, or

scarf, or fur tippet, being always added to the cloth pelisse, which is still the only out-door covering adopted by fashionable women. The favourite colours are—violet, *ponceau*, sage-green, olive-green, and dark chesnut.

COSTUMES PARISIENS.

PROMENADE dress is at present composed wholly of cloth pelisses; *redingotes*, that is to say, great coats, and high dresses, are all in estimation. Waists are worn remarkably long. The skirts of dresses are scanty, and the bodies are tight to the shape: this is the case even with the great coats. There are two kinds of trimming worn for promenade dress: one consists of narrow bands of velvet, which are used only to ornament the bottoms of the skirts, and to border the pelerines of dresses. The other is a mixture of silk braiding and buttons, in the shape of olives; this is used to ornament the busts of dresses in the stomacher style, and sometimes it goes all down the front of the pelisse or *redingote*. The trimming is always of the same colour as the dress.

Bonnets continue to be worn large: they are now mostly ornamented with feathers; and these are in general of two colours, strongly contrasted; as, for instance, rose colour and apple-green. The brims of bonnets are now finished at the edge with a full fall of blond. Dress hats are mostly of a small round shape; they are made in white and coloured satin, and black velvet; the latter material is most fashionable. Many ladies wear, in evening-dress, a small mob-cap, composed of *tulle*, under one of these hats; many are ornamented with down feathers.

Dress gowns are composed either of levantine, satin, or the rich silk called *gros de Naples*, which, in France, is of a much thicker fabric than the silk which we call by that name. Narrow bands of velvet are very much used to trim these dresses; flounces also, which have lately been laid aside, are again coming into favour; they are likewise worn narrow, and are often bound at the edge with riband of a different colour to the dress. The bust is but partially exposed, even in *grand costume*. Long sleeves are worn in evening-dress; and short ones, which are seldom seen, except in full dress, come nearly half way to the elbow.—Fashionable colours are—violet, chesnut, *ponceau*, apple-green, and cherry-colour.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



EXTRACT

FROM A POEM CALLED "HOMEWARD BOUND."



BY WILLIAM LINLEY, Esq.



INDIA, farewell ! farewell thy sandy plains,
Thy tedious pomp, and comfortless domains ;
Wealth still may tempt the proud man to despise
The parching west winds*, and inclement skies ;
The very gales that to *my* throbbing heart
Hope's first soft dawn of happiness impart ;
And as they waft our gallant ship along,
Responsive whistle to her sweetest song ;
These shall *his* shattered constitution tear,
And shut out every prospect but despair ;
Gazing towards home, through death's increasing gloom,
Where nought of splendour waits him but his tomb.
Oh, Independence ! may thy sacred voice
Of purer pleasures lead me to the choice ;
Give me the rich resources of the mind,
An uncorrupted heart, a taste refined ;
Guide me to scenes where genius oft retires
To strike, in measures wild, the trembling wires,
Or softer poesy delights to stray,
And to the pale moon pour her pensive lay ;
To summer shades, where every passing gale
Spreads health and fragrance through the rustic vale ;
Where playful innocence secure may rove,
And listen to the guileless vows of love.

* Land winds.

Perish the wretch thy bounteous hand may raise,
Who courts, for selfish ends, the rabble's praise!
Who lends to power thy prostituted name,
Who props sedition, yet dares look for fame;
And viler they, on whom thy treasures flow,
Who, dead to pity, mock the poor man's woe;
And from his little cot, and humble fare,
His last supports and only comfort tear:
Yet such there are, and many a village maid,
Once sweetly warbling in the woodland shade,
Modesty's soft and artless roundelay,
Hath, by her base seducer forced away,
Wandered with vice, through all her vile degrees,
The slave of want, of sorrow, and disease.
Poor shuddering outcast! on thy pallid face,
Once the abode of every youthful grace,
Why slowly trickles that obtruding tear?
Can naught thy pains relieve, thy spirits cheer?
Dost thou forget that misery's sad sigh,
The grief which speaks in that dejected eye,
May scare the midnight reveller from thy lure?
Then think what anguish must thy soul endure.
The damp earth shall receive thy shivering form,
Nor e'en a hovel shield thee from the storm,
And whence that shout of mirth? the song, the glee,
The thoughtless tumult of prosperity!
Mark'st thou the lustre flaring in yon hall?
The ever varying mazes of the ball?
Dost thou behold the man whose air commands
The general suffrage of applauding hands?
His is the mansion; on his steps attend
The loving mistress, and the faithful friend;
Youth, health, and power; a senate's daily praise,
A patriot's name, and a proud title's blaze!
Yes; *he* must answer for thy lost repose,
He the remorseless author of thy woes;
And the last pang *thy* fluttering bosom feels,
That which thy mortal doom for ever seals,
Shall, when *his* short-lived joys of life are fled,
Invoke heaven's vengeance on his guilty head.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

A MONKEY once (an odd petition)
Begg'd Jove to alter his condition,
And thus his bold request began:—
“Oh! Jupiter, to the form of man
Change me, I pray; and let me know
Each human virtue, which below
Completes the creature so approv'd,
And by the fairer sex belov'd:
For sure, as lawfully we may
Assume the shape of men, as they
Copy from us each charm and grace
Conspicuous in the monkey race.”
Jove heard his prayer; and, what is strange,
That instant to a man did change
His pugship, who does now begin
To dress, talk nonsense, and to grin;
And is in mind and outward shew
The very creature call'd a—*beau*!

C. G. W.

THE VISION.

AH! do not fly!—the airy shade
Flits thro' the gloom as lightnings' beam:
Return, return, thou lovely maid,
Again to bless my midnight dream.

With fairy hands, she swiftly wove
A mystic chaplet for my brow!—
Warm on my cheek, her kiss of love
Thrill'd to my heart a plighted vow.

Pensive I tread the crowded hall,
Tho' cheer'd by music's mirthful strain;
For 'mongst the beauties of the vale,
I seek thy gentle form in vain.

Come then again, sweet shade of night,
When sleep his opiate dews shall shed
Come—circled with that angel light,
Which flung its radiance round my bed.

The purple zone that girds thy vest—
 The robes of light that loosely flow—
 Those violet flowers, which o'er thy breast,
 Seem blooming as on beds of snow.

Thy dimpled cheeks of roseate dyes—
 Those lily hands the wreath that wove—
 The lustre of thy dark-brown eyes—
 But, more than all, thy kiss of love!

While 'raptur'd on thy od'rous breath,
 Sound in my ears a seraph strain!
 Say—'tis not sleep; ah! say 'tis death!
 And that I ne'er shall wake again!

J—. S—. S——d.

TO HENRY.

OH! when I am far from this land of light,
 From scenes so fair, and bowers so bright,
 Oh! wilt thou think on the stranger maid,
 Whose eye, when it met thy glance, hath said—
 How well she lov'd.

Wilt thou remember the yellow hair,
 That fell o'er a forehead chill'd with care?
 Wilt thou remember the wild eye beam,
 She threw on thee when her happy dream
 Of love was o'er?

Wilt thou remember the anguish'd smile
 That play'd on a lip all sad the while?
 Wilt thou remember that maiden's truth,
 Tho' she boasts no charm, save love, dear youth,
 To claim a tear.

Yes! when the goblet with wine is bright,
 When fortune smiles, and thy heart is light,
 When the cup is gaily hastened round,
 And the voice of mirth is the only sound
 That meets thine ear.

Thou'lt think, dear youth, on the stranger maid,
And the bloom from thy cheek will quickly fade;
Thou'lt think on the cold pale hue of mine,
And pity will steal the rose from thine,
Which youth plac'd there.

Oh, yes! thou'lt think on this yellow hair,
These beamless eyes, and this brow of care;
Oh, yes! thou'lt think on the stranger maid,
Whose eye when it met thy glance hath said—
How well she lov'd!

MARY.

TO FLORENCE.

WHEN at the festive ball thou art,
Let not a sigh thy bosom swell;
Let not a thought invade thy heart,
Of one who long hath lov'd thee well;
But when the twilight hour is near,
Then grant, my friend, one precious tear,
One tear to me.

For well I love the twilight hour,
When dew-drops shine on leaf and flow'r;
I love upon the star to gaze
That silvers with its beamy rays
The distant sea.

At twilight hour, I love to muse
On those most priz'd, most dear to me;
And memory often at that hour
Will fondly wing her flight to thee.

Amid the cold unfeeling crowd,
Breathe not a single sigh to me,
Nor class me with the heartless throng,
Tho' giddy, wild, and young, I be:
But, ah! when thou art chill'd with grief,
And thy sad heart would seek relief,
Remember me.

For never shalt thou know a care,
I would not with thee gladly share;
And never wilt thou shed a tear,
But I shall wish that I were near,
To comfort thee.

I would not that my form should rise
Upon thee in thy hours of glee ;
'Tis when thou think'st of friends sincere,
I wish thee to remember me.

MARY.

SONNET.

By MR. J. M. LACEY.

OH, lady! strike thy dulcet harp again;
Again repeat the song that breath'd of love :
For, oh! it soothes the bitter throb of pain,
That this sad bosom is compell'd to prove!
Falsehood with friendship wreath'd its hated name;
With weak credulity my heart believ'd,
Till he whom I had trusted stole my fame,
And of its dearest gem this breast bereav'd!
Then, lady! strike again the notes of peace,
And I will listen, and forget to feel!
For thou hast charms to bid my trouble cease,
A balm that cannot fail distress to heal!
For what so dear as virtuous woman's smile
The aching heart to lull—its sorrow's to beguile!

THE RETURN.

I THOUGHT that Love's once broken chain
Would never bind this heart again;
I thought I ne'er should heave the sigh
To glowing cheek, or answ'ring eye;
And were these chilling fancies true?
Ah! who can tell me this—but You!

'Twas You who bade my bosom know
In boyish age no boyish glow;
Drew down my cheek in earliest years
Affection's first and purest tears;
And when we guess'd not at it's name,
Awaken'd Love's unconscious flame.

Still in succeeding days of youth,
I woo'd You with the soul of truth,
With all that innocence could lend,
With warmth which never could offend;
With faith which sought no false disguise
From painted words, or borrow'd sighs.

I will not say what darker scene
Has pass'd these ripen'd years between,
Nor o'er the heartless story run
Of clouds which dimm'd our summer sun :—
Ah! who would tales like these renew,
Who turn'd again his steps to You!

ANON.

APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

TIME! thou art nearer ;
Come hoary sage
Unbent by age,
And make my passage clearer ;
For I along with thee must go
Down to the dreary vaults below.

Yet 'tis a blessing,
Tho' periods roll
From pole to pole,
With thy benign caressing,—
Mercy attends our annual pray'r,
And Hope protects us from Despair.

Empires before thee
Crumble to dust,—
And mortals trust,
And flatter'd kings adore thee ;
But kings are mortal, and they die,
If thou the beating pulse deny.

Thy power confessing,—
O! be our lives,
Till Death arrives,
In hope of Heaven possessing,—
Then we can bid adieu to Thee,
And welcome our Eternity!

PRIOR.

SONNET.

There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue.

PETRARCH.

WITH what effulgent and benignant grace,
 Sweet Virtue! smiles thine heav'n-illumin'd face!
 Serene as sleeps the orb on Thetis' breast,
 And tranquil too, as slumbering infant's rest!
 No cares disturb, no fears the bosom knows,
 Nor love, nor hate, breaks on the mind's repose!
 Ah! bless'd possessor of a treasure sure,
 Who wanting all beside, can ne'er be poor!
 'Tis thine, when friends are false, and wealth is fled,
 To raise the languid eye and pensive head—
 Beyond the confines of the grave to see
 The joyful realms where reign eternity!
 'Tis thine alone to reach that happy shore,
 Where bliss for ever dwells, and death is known no more!

HATT.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reminiscences of Carlsbad, or Hans Heiling's Rocks, a Bohemian popular Story, Charade, by Elvira, and Ode to Morpheus, by J. P. shall appear in our next.

The following are received—Essay on Fashion; Epitaph, by Mr. Hatt; Lines to Mr. R. Beale; and Stanzas on Youth and Age, by W. S—s.

Sonnet on leaving High Haldon, Kent, by W. S—s; The Sublunary Hour; and Adelaide, or The Forsaken Wife, are inadmissible.

We request Mr. Hatt to pay the postage of his future contributions.

CH.

ore!
rt.

popular
ear in

Lines

Hour;



Painted by Hopwood.

Engraved by Thomson.

Mrs. Harter Lynch Pizzie.

Pub. Feb. 1, 1826, by Dean & Munroe, Throldmore Street.